

Munich, 12th June, Wednesday Evening.

I arrived in this capital of Bavaria last evening at eleven o'clock after a tedious, though not uninteresting ride of 17 hours. The day proved a fine one, and after leaving Salzburg through the curious tunnel that penetrates the Munksgenberg we came abruptly into the open country and as the mists gradually rose from the sides of the mountains and we ascended some small hills I obtained some most beautiful and picturesque views of the surrounding mountains. The Stauffenberg, which stood between us and Berchtesgaden, a magnificent mountain was for a long time the most prominent object; backed by the more distant central portions of the Salzburg Alps, all white with snow. It was only as I left this place that I could appreciate the beauty of its situation, and I felt a momentary regret that I had not stayed a day longer and visited Berchtesgaden. These five mountains and those of the Zugspitze (the more Western portion of the same chain) were in full view during the whole journey, filling the Southern horizon, while we journeyed through a rather level country, for the whole of Bavaria south of the Danube is a flat great plain, stretching from that river to the mountains that skirt its Southern border. It is an inclined plain, since Munich, though in a perfectly flat region, is about 1600 feet above the level of the sea. We crossed the frontier, in an hour after we started, where our baggage was slightly and very civilly examined, and our passports vise'd by the Bavarian Police. We passed two pretty lakes, but no place of interest except Wasserburg, situated in a picturesque dell on the river Inn. For companions I had a Dane who spoke English surprisingly well, and was very agreeable; a German who spoke a little French, and a Frenchman, who had come up the Danube from Constantinople, and who tired us all with the continual clack of his very disagreeable voice. I took up my abode at the Schwabener Adler (the Black Eagle), very comfortable and quite cheap, - slept pretty well; rose early this morning to take a look of the town, which within these last twenty years has become a magnificent capital, saw many of the public buildings, and squares (that is their exterior), churches, and squares, went to the office of the police and obtained the required permission de séjour; and then went to the Royal Cabinet to find Martius for whom I had three letters of introduction. He is a small man, not so tall as myself, quite thin, but rather good-looking, apparently 50 years old, but his hair may be prematurely grey. He seems to have his hands very full of business, but he received me with cordiality, took me to the Library and the Cabinet of Natural History which are in the same building, told me

to amuse myself till one (the Universal dinner hour) and meet him at the Botanic Garden at three, and afterwards spend the evening at his house. The Cabinets here are in an old and rather inconvenient building, once a Jesuit's College which now contains them all as well as the Library, the lecture-rooms of the University, &c. — but in a year or so all will be removed to very fine buildings the King is erecting for their reception. Excepting the Brazilian collections, which are large and good, there is nothing worth particular notice in the Zoological and Mineralogical Cabinets; they make no great show after that of Vienna. The Library is immense; — this and the one at Paris being the two largest in the world; the books fill a great number of rooms, none of them magnificent but very convenient; the whole is soon to be transferred to other quarters. I was introduced to one of the Librarians, who was at the moment showing the curiosities of the collection, very old and rich Manuscripts. — the earliest attempts at wood-engraving, &c. — to a party of Englishmen. When he had done with them I told him he must have been bored quite sufficiently for once, and that I would not trouble him any further just then, but that I wished to acquire some useful information about the plan and arrangement of the library, rather than to see its curiosities. So he fixed upon Friday Morning, when he would be quite disengaged, and would gladly afford me all the information I desired. Shortly after dinner I went down to the Botanic Garden; found Martins, who having an unexpected engagement, consigned me to the head-gardener, and I was very kindly shown over the whole establishment, which is much larger and better than I had supposed, and in excellent condition.

Afterward I strolled about the town for an hour or two, heard the fine Military band in the Hofgarten, and at half past six went to the house of Martius, saw his wife who looks much younger than him; I suspect he was not married until after his return from Brazil, she seems a very intelligent and pleasant lady, understands English pretty well, but does not speak it, while Martius speaks extremely well; the eldest daughter, a pretty girl of 13 speaks French fluently, has taken lessons in English, which she reads readily, but speaks slightly; there is another daughter of about 10, and a still younger, and a boy a little more than a year old completes the list. Prof. Zuccarini was there, and afterwards an Entomologist whose name I forget dropped in; also a young man from Rio Janeiro, a Dr. Hents from Vienna (who enquired especially after Dr. Buck); and the director of the Music in the Royal Chapel here, two ladies, one of

whom sung exquisitely, the Director, and Dr. Hents both played the piano to perfection, and to crown all Martius seized his fiddle, quite to my surprise and played with great spirit. Before they were done a little crowd had begun to assemble before the windows. So the evening passed off very pleasantly.

Martius showed me a memorandum by which it appeared that he had sent in (May last, by a young man, some parcels to Dr. Torrey and myself, and the 4th volume of his *Nova Genera* 93p. Braz. to the Syceum. I gave him a copy of our *Flora* which pleased him much. Both he and Zuccarini seem extremely desirous to establish correspondence with us, and indeed they are poor in North American things here.

I like the sound of the German language much; it is manly, and certainly not more rough than the English. From the lips of the women and the little children I assure you it sounds very musical, and I often stop in the ~~street~~ street to listen to it, when I do not understand a word that is spoken.

Thursday Evening, 13th June, 1839.

I passed the whole morning, that is until one o'clock, at the Botanical Cabinet, looking at grass and such like. After dinner Zuccarini called for me, took me to his house, showed me Japan plants, the work he is publishing on them, &c. — I looked over and named his American *Cyperaceae*, and he made me most beautiful offers for exchange. He gave me some of his publications, and even offered me his Japan *Flora* (Siebold) which is an expensive work, but it is very desirable for us to have, though it will be rather difficult for me to give him an equivalent. It is now sunset, 8 o'clock; all the shops in the town have been closed nearly an hour, the people all enjoying themselves in the gardens and round about. I am going to bed early, in hopes to rise in time to go down to the garden and hear Martius lecture at 7 o'clock. He lectures every morning at that hour, and Zuccarini again every morning from 8-9, and also from 11-12. The Scientific people here have been arranging a little fete for Saturday, the birth-day of Linnaeus. It is decided that there is to be a botanical excursion I believe to the Tegernsee, some 15 miles off, and I suppose also a picnic dinner. I have not learned all the particulars, but this I shall do in due time, as I am to be one of the party.

Friday Evening, 14th August, 1839.

I rose early this morning and went to hear Martins lecture at the Garden at 7 o'clock. He is a good lecturer, fluent and clear. Called on Dr. Schultes; then returned to breakfast; afterward spent the morning at the Cabinet, with the exception of an hour devoted to the Library, which one of the chief officers very kindly showed me through. They have about half a million of books excluding duplicates, and about 10,000 manuscripts. The Librarian took much pains to explain to me the arrangement and classification of the Library, which is in excellent order, and to show me as many of the rarities as I desired to see; Very ancient Greek and Latin manuscripts of the Bible or the Evangelists, a number of very old and richly illuminated German Manuscripts, the collection of printed books without date, of which they have 6,000, (these early printed books being many of them intended to pass for manuscripts) - a copy of *Stauro's Bible* again, the first book printed - they have two. Luther's Bible, beautifully printed on vellum, and illuminated, in the frontispiece his original portrait, a sturdy, looking old fellow, who looks as if he might have been as fearless as indeed he was. The portrait of Melancthon by the same artist (whose name I forget) is placed next to it given on the next leaf. I saw also a manuscript of Luther, and many other things, too tedious to trouble you with now.

Dined with Martins, and his very pleasant family; stayed until six o'clock, looking over plants &c. - took a little walk, now that it is a little cooler, for the day has been exceedingly sultry, and am now going to bed, as I have to rise at half past four and meet the pedestrian portion of the Linnean party at half past five. If it be as sultry a day as this has been we shall have warm work of it.

Saturday Evening, 15th June, 1839.

We have had a truly German *fête champêtre*, and I have learnt more of German life and manners in one day than I could otherwise have obtained in a long time. I was at the place of rendezvous at the time appointed, and met there the two professors and about thirty students, with whom we set out on our excursion, and our number was soon doubled by the accessions we received. Our course lay along the ~~Isar~~ banks of the Isar (What lad that has been at school has not heard of "Isar rolling rapidly") ^{along} which we ascended for about six miles, botanizing on the way. It was about twelve o'clock

reached the place where the Linnæan celebrations are always held. Here we found Madame Martius and the girls, who had arrived in a carriage, and the lady and children of another Professor. Three or four other Professors also joined the party - Prof. Jirsch, the celebrated Grecian scholar, Prof. Neumann, of Oriental languages, a celebrated physiologist, and some others. We filled an immense rustic dinner-table spread in an open pavillion, ornamented in a simple manner with branches and flowers, and a portrait of Linnæus. Prof. Martius then read his address, which I judged from its effects upon the audience to be humorous, then followed the dinner, plain, but good, consisting of 3 or 4 courses, beer supplied *ad libitum*, and this was no trifle, as you would understand if you could see how all these Bavarians swirl their beer. It is light, extremely light as compared with English. But you may judge how cheaply the Germans contrive to live and how cheaply and simply they get up an affair with in England or at home would cost a round sum, when I inform you that the whole charge for dinner was 24 kreutzers or one Austrian Zwanziger (= 16 cents!) This I suppose did not include the wine of which there was a small supply, provided perhaps by Martius himself.

Three or four odes, written for the purpose, some in Latin, others in German were sung, with a heartiness and a nicety of execution entirely German. Three or four toasts were drunk, some speeches made, and the party left the table. The greater part, excluding the ladies, then went to the Linnæan Oak, a young tree planted on the day of this fête 5 years ago. Here all took their seats on the grass around it, and a number of half-serious half-humorous little addresses or meditations, were made, the people all sitting at their ease; then a song for the purpose was sung, and the celebration was over. Some part dispersed immediately, but the greater part assembled around our dinner table, and heard some music from a paysanne, who accompanied her voice with an instrument like a guitar. Martius & Zuccarini had arranged to stay over night in the neighborhood to botanize tomorrow, and wished me to stay also, which I declined to do, but returned in a carriage with Madame Martius, and the eldest daughter. We had a very agreeable ride and reached the city just as it grew dark. We had all day most beautiful views of the Bavarian Alps, which seemed close to us. The different professors spoke English with me, Prof. Neumann,

indeed extremely well, were very polite to me, and I obtained much important information, and have put myself in the way to get still more. The whole whole affair was extremely well arranged. I have printed copies of a part of the odes, and a copy of the print of Linnaeus, a very good lithograph, which was brought to the place and sold to the students for 24 kreutzers (16 cents) a copy. This is not the birth day of Linnaeus; the 24th of May is the proper one, but it is not then pleasant in the country here.

Tuesday Morning, 18th June.

On Sunday I attended service in the Protestant Church, a large and fine building, which was well filled. A part of the royal family are Protestants, but the king himself is a very bigoted Catholic. The interior of the church is made to resemble a Catholic chapel as much as possible; the altar has a picture behind it, and a small crucifix stood upon the reading-desk. There was a very short liturgy, and singing in which all the congregation took part, as is always the case in Germany. The sermon which followed may have been very orthodox for all I know, for I could understand but a few words of it. I spent the remainder of the day in my own room.

Yesterday Morning I visited the Pinacothek, or picture gallery. The collection of pictures is excellent, and so large that I was nearly all the morning in going through it. They occupy a magnificent building, recently erected, which forms the most convenient and handsomest picture gallery in Europe, that of the Louvre not excepted. After dinner I looked about the shops for books, but found nothing. At three o'clock I joined a large collection of people and went through the Royal Palace, a fine building, fitted up with exquisite taste. Many rooms are painted throughout in fresco, like the Vatican at Rome, the works of the best modern artists. They are inferior only to the works of Raphael. The portion of the palace we visited, has been recently built and is not yet completely finished; the upper portion is inhabited by the king, who allows visitors, at a fixed hour every day to inspect the whole. Some of the state rooms are ornamented with exquisite bas-reliefs. The floors of all a kind of mosaic in wood; a light-colored wood, inlaid with Mahogany and other dark kinds in arabesques and various figures, which produces a very pretty effect. There is a large open gallery which connects the palace with the barracks and runs the whole length of the Hofgarten, and the wall is covered with very fine frescoes after the manner of the loggia of the Vatican.

There is much classical taste in all the buildings here, and a vast expenditure of money, for such a small country as Bavaria. There is a chapel or small church which joins one of the Palace buildings, of very fine appearance externally, but within it is unique and altogether the handsomest thing I ever saw, and I have now seen not a little. It is painted throughout in fresco upon a gold ground, with subjects from the bible, and the effect is much like the interior of St. Mark's at Venice, though there are mosaics, and these exquisite paintings. The other churches are fine, but they are not worth special notice.

Tuesday Evening.

I forgot to say that I went last evening with Martinus to a concert of music at the Odeon, a large room fitted up for the purpose, and heard some delightful music, but it was very hot and oppressive and I did not stay long. The weather for the last few days has been quite like New-York at midsummer. I passed all the evening (to half past 10) at Martinus' house, very pleasantly.

This morning I went to my bankers for funds to take me to Switzerland, then to the Cabinet of Pottery, to the Library, and after dinner to Martinus', looked over his Carices &c. - we then walked to the garden, and afterward to the establishment for telescopes &c. of the successors of Fraunhofer, where I bought a very pretty little achromatic glass, and a simple lens, looked at his workshops and collections &c. -

By favour of an introduction to a kind of Club-reading-room, where I have spent all the evening until now. I have had the valuable privilege of reading a file of Galizian's Messenger, from the number at which I broke off at Vienna down to the 14th inst. But I can only glean a few particles of American news. I find however that the Steam-ship Liverpool has arrived at Liverpool, and two or three late packets both there and at Harve, and I make no doubt there are letters for me at Geneva, to which I shall hasten with all speed that I may receive them. I only wish they were here, when my faint hopes of finding them were disappointed. It is so long since I have seen your hand-writing that I might forget it, but I met with it to-day very unexpectedly, you would never guess where! - Even on labels of Carices in Martinus' Herbarium. After I get to Switzerland I shall count days until I see England again, from which there is but two steps home, on board a ship, and off again.

Saturday Evening 22nd June, 1829. Zurich.

It is rather late, I have just finished and sent to the Post office a rambling letter to Mr. Putnam, which I have desired him to forward to Dr. J. by the British Queen if it reach London in time, as I hope it will, but barely. But to go back to Munich.

On Wednesday I went in the morning to Reccarini's lecture, and afterwards to the ~~Mgyptothek~~, the last, and not the least of the lions here. It is the finest building in Munich, and the interior is very magnificent, perhaps too fine for the purpose, as has been said, yet I think the rich plafond rather adds to than diminishes the effect of the statuary. It is certainly the finest sculpture-gallery in Europe, tho by no means the richest in its contents. Perhaps in this respect also it is the best out of Italy. The collection at the Louvre is larger, but this is far richer in Grecian sculpture. The Eginia marbles form a considerable part of the collection. In the afternoon I called on Dr. Schuttes, who offered me a pretty little parcel of Egyptian plants. Made up my parcels and left with Martius, to be sent, with the things that he and Reccarini is to add, to Hamburg against my arrival there. Spent the evening at Martius' house, and took my leave of Madame and Caroline. I gave Madame M. my copy of *Childe Harold*, a very pretty one, which she seemed to value considerably. Martius I saw again the next morning at the Cabinet, and took leave very affectionately, he kissing me tenderly after the German fashion. Ask Dr. J. to look in the list and see if Martius is not an Honorary Member of the Lyceum, as I believe, but am not sure. If he is he knows it not. The Lyceum has also been serious in sending him its *Annals*, which should not be, as he has been a liberal Contributor. His works give him much trouble since the death of the late King, who was his patron and subscribed toward the expense: the present King does nothing at all for Martius or for science in any way, so that poor Martius is a little embarrassed. Meanwhile he is pressed down with his duties as Professor, Director of the Botanic Garden &c - for which he is most miserably paid.

The Botanic Garden is better arranged than any other I have seen on the Continent (except Paris) and I have secured a copy of the plan. But I must break off with Munich - Arrived at Lindau, on Lake of Constance at noon yesterday, a fine lake but too large to show well; the shores at the Eastern end only mountainous; the rest ordinary, and in high cultivation, dotted with thriving villages. - took the steam-boat after dinner for Constance, passed the mouth of the Rhine where it enters the lake, a turbid stream, soiling the lake for some distance; at Constance I saw it issue, a swift, blue current, clear as crystal. The boat stopped on the Swiss shore, giving me just time to jump on shore for a moment. The Lake belongs to a

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multitude of States; Bavaria, Austria (Tyrol), Wurtemberg, Baden, and two or three Swiss Cantons all possessing portions of its shores. - Reached Constance before sunset. The situation is pretty, but it is a lifeless desolate old place. I saw the old Church; the house in which the memorable Council of Constance was held, visited the Dominican Convent (now turned into a manufactory, all but the ruined Chapel) where Huss and Jerome of Prague were confined previous to their martyrdom. Left this morning at 9 o'clock in Diligence, an uninteresting ride, and a very hot day, arrived here at six o'clock, about 140 miles: fine view of the Glarus Alps as you enter the town which is charmingly situated at the foot of a beautiful lake. But Good-night.

On the Righi, Tuesday Morning 25th June.
I must resume the thread of my narrative, where I left it, viz: at my entrance to Zurich. I did nothing that evening but look about the town, visit the old church where Zwingle, the earliest Swiss reformer, preached. The prettiest view is from the new stone bridge which is thrown across the Limmat just where it emerges from the lake. The stream, like all those that proceed from these lakes is full and clear almost as glass, of a fine blue tint: it rushes with great rapidity, but is still and even. The view extends up the lake about to its middle, where a slight change in its direction intercepts further view; beyond rise some low mountains, a little farther a higher range overtops these, and these are again over looked by the Alps of Glarus, ~~Schwyts~~ Schwytz &c. with their tall peaks and brilliant glaciers. The shores of the Lake are highly cultivated, and thickly covered with little manufacturing villages. This is a Protestant Canton. I attended Church (and heard a preacher who seemed to be very earnest, but as his language was an unknown tongue there was little chance of my being edified, and I spent the remainder of the day at my room. The new hotel here is extremely good. Early yesterday morning I prepared myself for a pedestrian excursion - over the finest mountain regions of Switzerland, which will take me about 10 days, if I do not get tired of it and give it up. Not that I intend to walk all the way, which would be a great loss of time, but to avail myself of steam-boats &c. along lakes, and a diligence when I am on routes which they traverse, knowing full well that there will remain many weary and difficult miles that can only be passed by the pedestrian. So I have packed up my trunk and sent it on to Geneva, at the opposite corner of Switzerland. The garcon of the hotel purchased for me a knapsack, in which I have duly placed the following articles. viz: - 1. Three shirts, the oldest and most tattered ones of my stock, so that when they are dirty I can throw them away and thus lighten my load. The one on my back being a good one, I intend to get it washed the first rainy day. 2. Three or four shirt-collars. - 3. A spare pair of stockings. 4. My razor, & strop, and a bit of soap, tooth-brush, & comb. 5. A portable ink-stand, pens, and a few sheets of paper ready folded. Last, not least, my pocket

Testament. Thus equipped, my knapsack on my back, the guide to Switzerland in one pocket, and Keller's excellent map in the other I set out on my travels in search of the sublime. At nine o'clock yesterday morning I left Zurich, took the steam-boat down the lake as far as Morges, some 8 or 10 miles, and then commenced my journey in earnest. I walked first to Lühl-brücke, about 5 miles, where I took a little lunch and crossed the bridge into the little Canton of Zug, - Catholic, as one soon finds out by the crosses and beggars which abound by the way-side. Near the lofty Mount Pilate with its sharp peaks was in sight, it lies on the other side of the Lake of Lucerne. Soon after I saw the lake of Zug, and soon after one o'clock I reached Zug, on the shores of the lake of the name, the capital of the Canton, a retired and lifeless village. I entered the best hotel, well heated with my walk which now amounted to about 12 miles. I obtained a plain but very good dinner, (Soup - the everlasting Corred-beef-fish, roast, and strawberries and cherries ad libitum), chattered French with the voluble Kellerin (the demoiselle of the Inn) paid my bill of 2 francs, and was again on my way. It was very warm, so I walked quite leisurely down the shore of the Lake, the scenery growing every moment more picturesque; the Righi rising at its foot on one side, bold and abrupt, the Rossberg on the other. A sad tale belongs to this last, of which I had often read. I reached Arth, the little village at the foot of the lake and of these two mountains, at half past four (7 miles), took more strawberries, and milk, and at 5 o'clock commenced the ascent of the Righi, by the shortest but most difficult foot-path. The landlord told me the ascent took four hours, and was quite meritorious when I told him I should be on the summit in two hours and a half. This, indeed I accomplished, but found it a hard task. But the desire of witnessing the sunset from the top induced me to do my best. I had plenty of offers to relieve me of my knapsack, and at length, as I left the village transferred it to the shoulders of a stout fellow, for it began to grow weighty. The poor fellow I think earned the 18 bats (he demanded about 30 cents) tho' he did not seem to mind it much. The first third of the ascent the path is formed of steps like a staircase and is very fatiguing. After we meet the road for mules or horses which ascends from Goldau it is not so difficult. Both in the ascent and from the summit I had a full view the vestiges of the awful landslide of the Rossberg; the vacant space of the mountain occupied by the portion that fell and the scarred surface of the path are most distinctly in view, and at the bottom of the valley lies the huge and unsightly and confused mass of rubbish which overwhelmed and buried the three villages of Goldau, Bussingen & Rotheren. This catastrophe took place in September 1806. Several hundred houses and other buildings were destroyed, cattle in great number, and 450 human beings

perished. Rich pastures on the slope of the mountain were carried away and a lovely and fertile valley was changed in an instant into a desert. The Rossberg is a little less than 5000 feet in height, and the side toward Goldau does not appear remarkably steep. I have seen many villages apparently in more dangerous situations. But the slowness of the mountain explains the cause of the catastrophe. The strata slope downwards toward this valley. The exterior are composed of pudding-stone (like that of the Righi), very liable to fissures, and ~~are~~ mostly separated from those beneath by beds of clay. These beds during a very wet summer, penetrated by the rain had been washed out in some places, and in others converted into a slimy mud, and a vast portion, about 1000 feet broad, 100 feet thick and almost a league in length slid down, like the masses of snow from the roof of a house, when the lower surface is thawed, and acquiring a great impetus in the descent, it ploughed up the lower slope of the mountain and filled the whole breadth of the valley, many huge fragments having been carried by the force to ~~the~~ a considerable ^{height} up the opposite slope of the Righi. The mass of mud which accompanied the rocks, turning obliquely to the left, rushed into the lake of Lowater (said to be five miles distant, but as I survey the ground as it lies before me it is difficult to conceive the distance so great), filled up this extremity, produced a wave which swept completely over the island of Schwaben, 70 feet above the usual level of the water, overwhelmed the opposite shore, washed away houses and their inhabitants! The village of Lowater was destroyed by the torrent of mud. Goldau and the others lie deep under the rocks, nothing has been found of them except the bell of Goldau, which hung in its steeple, and which was found about a mile off. Besides the villagers that were unable to escape, as many did, a party of eleven travellers from Berne, just arrived at Arth were on their way to Goldau to ascend the Righi. Seven of them were some distance ahead, and were seen by their companions to enter the village of Goldau, when the noise attracted their attention to the Rossberg; they fled, and as the cloud of dust cleared away, the village, their companions, the whole valley had disappeared under the heap of stones and rubbish, a hundred feet in height. This is a brief abstract of the account I have here read with the whole scene of ruin before me.

"Mountains have fallen,
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock
Rocking their Alpine brethren; - filling up
The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters,
Damping the rivers with a sudden dash,
Which crushed the waters into mist, and made
Their fountains find another channel, - thus, -
Thus in its old age did Mount Rosenberg."

But time is becoming precious, and I must tell you a few words of the view from the summit of Righi, tho' this description is wholly out of the question. The view from the calm or peak, over its great beauty and extent, not so much to the height of the mountain, which is only 5676 feet; - as to its

isolation, giving a clear view in every direction. It is also easy of access; ladies and persons who do not care to walk can ride up on horses or mules, by either side of the mountain. So there are great crowds here all the summer, and a little later than this the two little hotels, one on the summit, the other a little distance below are always crowded. There are a goodly number here now, more than half English. The view last evening at sunset was not first-rate, as there was a light haze in the atmosphere, and many masses of cloud near the horizon. These produced a pretty effect in some places, where they lay below the peaks of the mountains, which rose clear and distinct above them. As soon as it was dark I took my supper, and after a little talk with two young German botanists I met here - went to bed, pretty well fatigued, and wet to the skin with perspiration through all my clothing with perspiration. I was called in the morning at half past three, to ascend the peak, watch the effect of sunrise upon the alps and valleys. The morning proved quite favorable, tho' a little cloudy. The mountains, lakes and valleys, were all distinct but looked cold. At length a blast from a wooden trumpet (a better instrument than you would think) announced sunrise, - and the sun appeared between two strips of cloud, lighting up first the distant and high peaks and glaciers of the Bernese Alps! - Jungfrau, the Finster-Aarhorn, the Titlis highest of all, - and the white glaciers shone like burnished silver. Soon the serrated ridge of the gloomy Pilatus is lighted up, - the dark valleys become more distinct, the lakes look brighter, and the broad valley toward the North stretches before you like a map, far as the eye can reach, covered with hamlets and villages, and diversified here and there with beautiful lakes. A light mist now came round the side of Mount Pilate, hung over the town of Lucerne, and gave rise to a beautiful triple rainbow. A little cloud ~~which~~ seemed to have been formed from the stagnant pools in the bottom of the valley ~~where the~~ on the site of the destroyed villages, lay far below our feet, so direct by that it seemed as if one could have jumped into it, - and seemed struggling to extricate itself from the valley, - at length it covered the village of Arth, and passed over the lake of Zug, some three or four hundred feet beneath us, and through rents in its white substance, we could see the deep blue water beneath. The mist in the valley toward Lucerne thickened more and more, at length swept by us, and began to fall in rain, - when I returned to my lodgings and took another nap. I rose again at seven, when the weather promised to be anything but pleasant; the mists obscured the neighboring mountains: But after two or three little showers with intervals of sunshine - the sun triumphed: the horizon grew clearer than ever. Little clouds and patches of mist are rising from the surfaces of the lakes and out of the valleys and glens, and under the influence of the sun are slowly travelling up the sides of the mountains. - I will go out and botanize a bit (for I have my port folio with me) and then enjoy another view from the Culm itself. -

31/3/10

The view from the Rigi-Culm is said to extend over a circumference

of 300 miles and exhibits every variety of the picturesque. The views of the lakes form one of the chief beauties of the prospect, of these I counted 10 and it is said that three or four others are also visible. Some of them are very remote and look like mere shining spots, or pools, and some almost like water spilt upon the earth. The number of the nearer ones appears greater than it actually is; for the long branching arms of the lake of Lucerne (the Lake of the Four Cantons as it is generally called here) extend in so many different directions, and each arm appears like a distinct lake. The main body of the lake approaches close to the base of the mountain on the west or rather southwest, one arm comes close under your feet on the west ~~side~~ northwest, and almost joins the Lake of Zug, a beautiful sheet, the foot of which comes so close under the Culm that you would think it easy to toss a biscuit into the water. On the north and over the chain of the Albis we get a view of the Lake of Zurich, and still beyond the small Greiffen-see is discernable; and the horizon is bounded by the range of the Black-forest Hills. Towards the west the whole Canton of Lucerne is exposed to view, looking from this height almost like a plain; the Jura Mountains close the view in the far distance. More to the south and just across the foot of the Lake of Lucerne rises the abrupt and stern Mount Pilate, its ridge crowned with several sharp peaks; the highest of these, the Tondishorn is 5766 feet above the level of the lake, or 7186 above the level of the sea: it has been ascended, but notwithstanding its superior height, the view is said to be decidedly inferior to that of the Rigi. At the foot lies the pretty town of Lucerne, beyond other villages and several lakes. The southern arm of the lake runs up toward the Alps; a little beyond is Alp-mach, and still farther up the valley the lake of Sarner. But I will not detain you with these matters, for in this direction, just back of behind this valley the whole back-ground is filled the finest and highest mountains of the Alps, those of the Bernese Oberland, of which Jung-Frauw and the Eiger, and Wetterhorn are chief; and continuing round more to the ~~east~~ ^{eastward}, in one unbroken ridge of peaks and glaciers, the Alps of Unterwalden and Uri, of which, conspicuous among their brethren are Finster Aarhorn and the Titlis. My route lies directly toward these splendid Alps, so I shall have more to say of them. The foreground is filled up in this direction by the Stanser, the Buochserhorn, and the Rigi-range itself, shutting out the Lake from view except here and there, and the water when it does appear exhibits the beautiful and rich greenish-blue colour peculiar to water of great depth and seen from a height. The Alps stretch on to the East as far as the eye can reach, and present views scarcely less sublime; the Dodi, the Glaruish and the Sents (far distant) are pre-eminent peaks. Among these, at heights which the Chamio-hunter scarcely dared to tread, the French and Russian armies, under Quarron and Massena, manœuvred, and bloody conflicts were fought. In the middle distance rise three or four bare fantastic peaks, appearing like Minarets and Gothic spires, singularly sharp, and highly beautiful, and in the valley at their base, near the Lake of Lowers, lies the town of Schwytz, a little village,

famous in the annals of the country and people to whom it has given its name. — A little more to the left is Mount Roseberg, which, with the valley beneath still plainly tell their tragic story. — But my time and paper are both limited and I ~~have~~ must have done. I have hastily written this sheet thus far at.

Stans, the capital of the lower part of Canton Unterwalden, Tuesday Evening, 25th June.

— And I must now bring up my story to this point. I intended to leave the Righi by way of Naggis at Lake Lucerne, to take there the steam-boat as it passed at two o'clock, and go up the farther part of the lake, the bay of Uri, and finding if possible the mail-courier at Altdorf to go with him to the summit of the pass of St. Gothard, return as far as Hospental, and cross by the pass of the Furca and the Grindel to Grindelwald &c. — If you had Keller's fine map before you, it would be easy to trace this route, and to find out also where I now am. Without it, you will not do it so easily. As having plenty of time, I stayed on the Righi until noon, and then descended leisurely, having grown wise by experience and knowing that the descent of a steep mountain is much worse for the legs and feet than the ascent. Besides a little storm arose, and I took shelter under an overhanging rock, and amused myself in watching its progress down the lake, and in hearing the deep and prolonged echoes of the thunder as it was reverberated from peak to peak among the Alps. It was a scene to be remembered; and then the numerous ever-changing aspects of the Mountains and Lake as it cleared up. — Saw the steam-boat at a distance and hastened to the foot of the mountain, where it soon became evident enough that the boat did not intend to touch there. So took a boat and went out to meet it. But although we were very near them as they passed they did not choose to take the slightest notice of us, and I was obliged, in the middle of the lake to consider what should be done in such a predicament. I had no intention of awaiting the return of the steam-boat, and going with her to Lucerne, thence to begin the route tomorrow, and for a few moments I was a little bothered. But fortunately a pedestrian like me is not at the mercy of steam-boats and stage-coaches, — and the high satisfaction one feels at this comparative independence is one of the great pleasures of this mode of locomotion, and goes far to compensate for the fatigue. I reflected that I might not find the courier at Altdorf, and in that case should have a prodigious journey, and moreover that I had clearly saved the money I should have paid. — So learning on hastily enquiring that a blind mountain path led from the opposite shore into the Canton of Unterwalden to Stans &c. — from whence I knew I could reach the Grindel and all the rest of it I chose St. Gothard, and that it was the nearest way to the Grindelwald and all the finest parts of Switzerland, I ordered the boat to take me to that shore, where I was accordingly left to shift for myself as well as I could. — But then came one of the ills that flesh is heir to, most especially in travelling: I wanted my dinner! I stopped at a cottage, the only one in the vicinity, but found no one but a little girl, who stared

at me as if she had never seen a civilized being, saw no chance of getting anything to eat, so I climbed the mountain, very steep and almost no path, it evidently had not been crossed before this season. From the top I saw the bay and village of Bönchen, and in the distance Stans, which I reached at six o'clock, found an inn which within was more comfortable than its exterior promised. I think I never enjoyed anything more than the piece of cold roast-veal and coarse bread, and the plentiful dish of straw-berris with the excellent cream that followed. Now that I had got out of the ordinary route of travellers I determined to visit the valley of Engelberg. I asked the Landlord for a chaise-a-banc, (as there is a good enough road for this vehicle), or a horse, to go this evening, but mine host seemed to have made up his mind that I should stay with him all night, and insisted that there would not be time for Engelberg. So, not to disappoint him I made up my mind to rest for the night. I sallied out to look at the village, visited the large and very pretty village church (Catholic), and then the bone-house, a not unusual appendage in Catholic regions, tho' I had never seen one. — A little chapel, the basement story, which was also fitted up as a chapel, was occupied on one side by a huge quantity of human bones, carefully piled up, the exterior or wall being formed of skulls and thigh-bones only symmetrically arranged. I do not know whether these are in part the bones of those who fell in their sanguinary conflicts with the French in the time of Buonaparte, when this poor Canton made most desperate resistance and immense numbers were destroyed; nearly a hundred persons were butchered in this very church, where the French finally took the town. — Walked about the adjacent fields to admire the beautiful situation of the village, in a sweet and retired green valley, shut in by high mountains, ~~which~~ up which the green fields extend a little way, then a little belt of woodland, then succeed those alpine pastures so peculiar to Switzerland, with little chalets here and there, where one or two persons having the care of the flocks remain nearly all the summer: — still higher are rugged and rocky peaks. The mountains here are not so very high, and the valley is broad for a Swiss valley: the scene is not wild or sublime, but sweet and beautiful. From an elevation just out of the village I saw the Righi, and even the house from which I started at noon.

Meyringen, Wednesday Evening, 26th June.

I have accomplished a journey to-day, such as I think few pedestrians have ever surpassed, considering the difficulties of a great part of the way. — from Stans to Engelberg 13 miles, then over a tremendous mountain, the Loch, 6890 feet high, among the snows, and near the glaciers of the Fittis and the Maderen-stock, and then by a long path, through the most sublime mountain gorge and valley of Engstlen, to Meyringen. The distance from Engelberg to Meyringen is reckoned at nine hours (they always reckon by hours here), which on ordinary routes would be 30 miles. I do not know how far it really is, I accomplished it between 11½ A.M. and 7½ P.M. and am fatigued passed all conception, completely done over, and my feet apparently spoiled. — To-morrow perhaps I will tell you something about it.